

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1914.

NUMBER 1



Photo by L. M. Thiers.

"Ruth watched the cows wading lazily."

## Autumn is Here.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

SHE is clicking at the latch,—  
Stop and listen!  
Where the dewdrops in the sun  
Brightly glisten,  
Hear the dry leaf flutter down  
With a blush upon its brown,  
And the snapping of a shell  
Where a nut begins to swell!  
Oh, she's coming!  
Lightly tiptoeing along;—  
Hear the humming  
Of the insects on the wing;  
Hear the crickets loudly sing;  
And the geese in honking flight,  
As they vanish from our sight.  
Autumn's coming!  
List her couriers at the door  
Loudly thrumming!  
Give them welcome one and all;  
Let them not unheeded call;  
Lo, the queen of all the year,  
Autumn, is here!

## The Unfinished Story.

BY NELLIE M. LEONARD.

DOWN behind Dr. Marshman's house was the coolest spot in town. A brook ran quietly between banks of fern, with wide-spreading hemlocks and tangled wild grape-vines making a splendid arbor. It was a favorite nook in summer time.

One hot midsummer day, Ruth Marshman lay in its cool shade. Her face looked sober and disappointed. A tablet of paper and a pencil lay unused upon the grass. Ruth watched the cows wading lazily under the willows, listened to the cicadas' shrill music, and looked up with anxious brown eyes as now and then an auto whizzed along the dusty road.

"Hello!" called Ralph as he sprang over the rail fence and dropped down beside her. "What's the trouble, Rue? Have you said good-bye to your last friend?"

"The same old trouble," sighed Ruth. "Father is a doctor-man, and belongs to

everybody—except us. Just when we were ready to start for Nantasket, that old telephone rang and father got a hurry call. He said it might be a long job. If you'd only hurried back from the post-office, Ralph Marshman, we'd have started before that call came."

"Perhaps Dad will come soon," said Ralph, hopefully.

"Prob'ly he will stay till dark," replied Ruth. "And you're crazy to be a doctor! S'pose you'll think it is fun to give up your own plans whenever anybody has a pain! Doctor-man works any time of day or night, stormy or pleasant, hot or cold. If we think we are going to have a lovely time with him, some one has to go and be sick!"

"That's so," agreed Ralph, "but there isn't another man who is so welcome everywhere as Dad. I tell you, it's great to know how to help people when they're suffering. I've seen folk watching eagerly for Dad to come, and they always look so glad and relieved when he walks in. Laugh all you choose. I mean to be as strong and cheery



and faithful as Dad when I'm a man, for my name will be Dr. Marshman, too."

"If people love him so much, they'd better pay their doctor-bills," returned Ruth, scornfully. "I mean to write stories like Miss Stuart. That's the way to earn money. Why, she got a check for twenty dollars yesterday! I heard her tell father that she wrote the story in three days. Think how many people will read her story. That is another way of doing good. It's pleasanter than visiting sick people all the time."

"Going to write a story to-day?" teased Ralph.

Ruth blushed at his tone. "I tried but I couldn't seem to begin right," she admitted. "It's too hot a day to do anything but ride to Nantasket and go in bathing."

"You'll never get rich nor famous that way. I heard Miss Stuart say that no writer ever succeeded without plenty of hard work. This hot weather is making you lazy, Rue. I'll help you and we'll sign the story, Ruth and Ralph. Once upon a time—"

"That's too old-fashioned," objected Ruth. "It was a hot day. The road was dusty, the flowers were wilting; some cows waded in the pond among the mud-turtles and frogs," he began again, good-naturedly.

"Too common," decided Ruth.

"You're too fussy. Begin yourself."

"Let's tell a seashore story," proposed Ruth, "and make it real exciting. I'll send it to *Saint Nicholas* or *Youth's Companion*. They would prob'ly pay me a cent for every word."

"Whew! do you count all the little words?"

"Every single one. Miss Stuart does. I've helped count her stories."

"Hurry, Rue, and begin! We'll write a thousand words."

"It mustn't be too long and heavy. Editors are very particular. You can only write on one side of the paper. And you must send postage stamps so they can send it back."

"We don't want it sent back," laughed Ralph. "Now begin to spin your one-centers, Rue."

Ruth picked up her pencil. Writing slowly, she read aloud:

"Earle helped his uncle push their new sail-boat, 'The Sea Gull,' across the smooth sands. It was early in the morning. The blue water danced and glittered; there were some white-caps after the storm. Earle's uncle had promised to visit Minot's Light-house after they secured a load of lobsters."

"Pretty good," commented Ralph. "Use plenty of adjectives—a cent apiece, you know. I'll put in some agony—a shipwreck or two, and sharks!"

"They enjoyed a pleasant sail in the morning breeze," continued Ruth. "Reaching the traps they found them brimful of scarlet lobsters."

"Oh, Rue, they were green!" shouted Ralph. "Green as shamrocks!"

"They were red," asserted Ruth, with dignity. "You know lobsters are red, Ralph Marshman!"

"Earle caught green ones, just the same."

"The lobsters in my story were red," said Ruth, decidedly.

"You needn't sign my name to such nonsense," replied Ralph, rising to go.

Then an auto horn tooted a prolonged call.

"Doctor-man has returned!" cried Ruth. "Now we're off for Nantasket."

In the excitement of starting, their story was forgotten. As they neared the beach Ruth remembered the dispute.

"Are lobsters red or green, doctor-man?" she asked suddenly.

"Well, I've seen both varieties," replied her father with fun twinkling in his eyes. Finally, when the argument grew warm, he explained to perplexed Ruth that lobsters were green when caught, but in the process of boiling, the shells turned red.

"I think we'll not finish that story," decided Ruth. "Next time, I'll write about cows and frog ponds and other things that I see every day."

### A Little House of Lac.

BY MARY E. JACKSON.

"I WISH that you would tell me a story, father," said little John as he sat watching his father varnishing the floor, "but I suppose that you are too busy painting."

"This is not paint, John," said his father; "it is shellac. And by the way, that makes me think of a story to tell you. How would you like me to tell you about a little house of lac?"

"I'd like it very much," said John. "But what is lac?"

"Listen and I'll tell you all about it," said his father. "Once upon a time there was a good little mother insect, and she had so many babies that she could not possibly take care of them all, so she built a queer little house for each one out on the branch of a banyan tree. First she found a nice place for her baby in a crevice in the bark of the tree, then she began to suck the sap, and then a wonderful thing happened. Queer sticky stuff like gum began to ooze out of the sides of her body. With this she made a snug little house right over her baby and covered him up so that no one might harm him while he was growing big and strong. She built a house like this for each one of her babies, and there were many of them. They were nice little houses, too, for the gum hardened so that the rain could not soften it, the sun could not melt it, the cold could not crack it.

"This is a very good sort of gum," said the wise men who had been watching the little mother insect build her houses. 'We will try it on our floors and on our furniture. It should make them look nice and last much longer.'

"So they broke off the twigs on which the little houses were built and scraped off the hardened gum. This they called lac, after the mother insect which had a queer sort of name, 'Coccus lacca.' By washing the lac they got a red dye, or coloring matter. What was left they called seed-lac. This they melted and poured out on metal sheets to harden. It formed a thin sheet like a shell, so now you see why they called it shell-lac or shellac, which is just an easier way of spelling it. This that I have in my pail has been dissolved in alcohol, and it makes a very good varnish for my floor. So you see the little mother insect was working for me as well as for her babies when she made her little houses of lac."

"Oh, I wish I might see her at work," said John. "I'd like to see her build her little houses."

"You would have to travel far if you did see her," said his father. "She lives in far-off India where the banyan tree grows."

"Well, it was a nice story, anyway," said John. "Who would have thought you could have got such an interesting story out of a paint-pail?"

### The Autumn Leaf.

BY WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE.

"O AUTUMN leaf, autumn leaf, tell me your story

As here at my feet you come fluttering down:

Tell me why you are touching the hillsides with glory,

Brightening the green with red, yellow, and brown.

"Is it true, autumn leaf, as I hear people sighing,

That yours are the colors of death and decay,

Like the invalid's flush when hot pulses are flying,

Making mock at youth's bloom ere life passes away?"

Then the autumn leaf answered me: "Truly, I know not

Of death and decay; for they ne'er come to us.

I am only a leaf. I reap not, I sow not; Yet God in his goodness has painted me thus.

"You ask for my story? 'Tis not worth recalling;

And yet I remember how snugly and warm Through the long winter months, while the snowflakes were falling,

In a house that God made I was sheltered from harm.

"And then in the spring, when the soft winds were blowing,

Bringing the birds from the South-land so fair,

I answered the life-thrill through all nature flowing,

And spread out my face to the sun and the air.

"Through days of bright sunshine and long nights of storming

I clung to my place in the top of the tree, Protecting the bud which beneath me was forming;

For that was the duty that God gave to me.

"The mid-day sun burned me, the rough storm-winds tossed me,

Yet I drew strength and food both from storm and from sun;

For the bud must be nourished, whatever it cost me,

And my place I must keep till my duty was done.

"At last it was finished; and so is my story, Save this,—that before I let go of the bough

God smiled his approval, and a part of the glory

Of that benediction remains with me now."

"Ah! autumn leaf, autumn leaf, wisdom and beauty

In a life such as yours harmonious meet. Your glory has come through plain doing of duty,

And 'tis life, and not death, makes you fall at my feet."

The Christian Register.

No good is certain but the steadfast mind,  
The undivided will to seek the good.

GEORGE ELIOT.





## The Sheep-herder's Story.

BY EFFIE EGBERT.



Our readers who remember the story "Arch's Persistence," which we published last year, will be glad to hear some further experiences of Arch and Betty on Aunt Patty's ranch, and to know from the story-within-the-story how Jean saved the sheep.

LAST year Arch and I went up to Aunt Patty's ranch again for the summer vacation. Aunt Patty came out to the gate to meet us, and when she kissed me I saw her lift her dress and look down and smile in a funny way. I looked too, and there, right at her feet, was the dearest little puppy I ever saw in my life. It was just as fat and round as a butter ball. Aunty said that it was only a month old, that its name was Jean, and that she was a present from the man who owned the best shepherd dog in Solano County. Jean was gray and white, and black and tan too, and the funniest thing was that her eyes were blue, all excepting a little brown place in the right one. Aunty said that all gray collies had blue eyes, and the little brown speck was the sign of good breeding.

I didn't do a thing all the next day but play with Jean. I gave her a bath, and hunted every flea off her, and when she got sleepy I held her in my arms and she cuddled down too dear and soft for anything. I just loved her. I liked her even better than I do babies. Arch didn't want to play with her, and I was glad of it, because he might have teased her.

I fed her warm milk five times every day, until one evening Aunty said that it was time to begin to change Jean's diet, and I might feed her some of the cream gravy and perhaps a little of the veal stew we were having. As soon's we were through supper I went out to the kitchen, and Arch came too, and we asked Chung for the rest of the stew. We took it out on the porch, and Arch got hold of Jean and set her down by the platter. She didn't know what it was, and wouldn't touch it until Arch jabbed her head down in it. That frightened her, and she tried to run off, only Arch held her, and ducked her head in again. That made me mad, and I said I thought he ought to be ashamed to treat a little baby dog like that, but just then she began to lick the gravy off the outside of her mouth. As soon as ever she got a taste of it, right of her own accord she put her head down to the meat and gobbled it up fast as ever she could, and when the meat was all gone she stuck out her little red tongue and licked all around the platter and up and down the middle. Arch and I laughed so loud that Chung came out, and he laughed too; then Aunt Patty heard us and she came out, only she didn't laugh. She threw up both her hands.

"Mercy!" she said. "What have you done, you foolish boy? Not given her all that meat? Don't you know she'll have fits?"

Aunty picked Jean up and looked at her, but she couldn't do anything about it, because the meat was all inside of Jean. "Poor little puppy!" she said, and held her close up to her breast. "Poor little puppy!"

I thought perhaps Jean was going to die, and I cried. Arch said girls were always crying, and why couldn't I wait until she was dead, anyway.

I sat up two hours waiting to see if Jean was going to die, and then Aunty made me

go to bed. The next morning I woke up before anybody was up, even Chung. I never waited to put on a thing. I ran down as fast as ever I could to Jean's little house on the porch. When I got there she put her head out of the opening and gave a bark at me. 'Twas her very first bark and she wasn't sick a bit. Arch pretended that he knew she'd be all right. "Dogs don't bark," he said, "until you feed 'em meat. If it hadn't been for me, she never would have barked." But Aunty said that it was a very narrow escape, and a little puppy, only a month and five days old, that could eat all that meat for the very first time and live, must be destined for great things. After that Jean barked most every day, and it was too dear for anything to hear her. Just sort of little baby barks they were, until one day she barked, and barked, and barked, and what made her do it was this.

The sheep-herder was driving the sheep past the house to another field. Jean was lying on the porch, but the minute she saw them she sat up and watched them hard as she could. She had never seen sheep before. Pretty soon a woolly little lamb ran out from the flock. Before any of us could think what Jean was going to do, she ran after it, barking and barking ever so loud, and she made it go back. I never saw anything so dear in my life. Aunty said it was instinct, and that Jean knew what she was born for.

That evening Aunty told us she had a decision to make, and we must help her. We were sitting on the porch after supper in the dark. "It's about Jean," she said. "Are we going to keep her for a pet, or shall we let the sheep-herder take her and train her to drive sheep?"

"Train her to drive sheep," Arch said.

"Oh, Aunty," I said, "I want her to play with. Don't let her go to live with the sheep-herder. She won't have any nice, new milk, or a good bed or anything."

"I know," Aunty said. "Her life will be much harder than it is here, but that isn't all there is to think of. Jean's sire is said to be the best sheep dog there is in this county, and Jean would probably be just as good. Now, here are the two questions for you to decide. First, what do you think Jean would like best, herself? Would she rather stay with us, and be kept like a lady, and never do anything useful in the world, or would she rather go with the sheep-herder, fare hard, and learn to do the work all the other dogs of her family have done?"

"Gee, Aunty!" Arch said. "Don't let Bett make a lap-dog of her."

"Now wait," Aunty went on. "We must give Betty a voice in this matter. She's fed Jean, washed her, taken care of her house, and done it very nicely, too, ever since she's been here. And it will be harder for her to give Jean up than it would be for you."

"Yes, and lately she's slept on the foot of my bed," I said, and then I began to cry.

"Well, take time to think it over," Aunty said. "First think what Jean would like, if she could tell us, and remember what you saw her do this morning, and then decide if you are willing to give her up."

I cried most all night, but the next morning I told Aunty I was willing to let Jean go, and that very afternoon the sheep-herder came and got her, and I didn't see her again until the vacation the next March.

We don't usually go to Aunty's for the short vacations, but this time she wrote for us to come up and hear what Jean had done. She said it would be worth the trip. When we got there she told us that we must hear it from the sheep-herder, that it was his story. Right after breakfast we drove out to the sheep-herder's camp. It was quite a distance from the house, but long before we got there we could see the gray sheep feeding in the green field, the sheep-herder, with a black hat on, walking behind them, and at his heels a dog that I didn't know at all. When we got close where I could see, I cried out, "Is



GOOD TIMES AT AUNT PATTY'S RANCH.



that Jean? Why, she's been all made over." Her nose drew down to a sharp point, she wasn't a bit roly-poly, the gray and black hair was ever so long, her tail was bushy, and the white fur collar round her neck was beautiful. The only thing that seemed natural about her was her blue eyes. She looked awfully big, too. She didn't know me when I spoke to her. We asked the sheep-herder right away what she had done, and we told him that we had come up from San Francisco on purpose to hear. He laughed and said that we had come to hear about the smartest dog in the world.

"You see them fifteen hundred sheep o' your aunts? Well, she saved all of them from drowning."

"Gee!" Arch said. "How'd she do it?"

"Well, 'twas like this. 'Long 'bout the first o' February I says to Mrs. Cummins, 'The feed is gittin' pretty short in this west field. How'd it do to take the sheep down to the levee? The alfalfa there is lookin' fine.' She said 'Yes,' so I took 'em. I pitched my tent under the big cottonwood, an' Jean an' I stayed right with 'em. After a few days it begun to rain, an' kep' it up so long, that first thing I knew the river was gittin' high. But the levee was built up pretty well, so I thought we was safe. But somethin' had happened that I'd never thought a thing about. The gophers had been after the alfalfa roots in the levee the summer before, an' they'd left holes behind 'em. When the water got up as high as the holes, it begun to run through, an' o' course that washed the holes bigger. Well, the first thing I knew a big chunk of the levee, where the gophers had worked it, tumbled off into the river, an' o' course the water begun to come right through, an' I knew there'd be no stoppin' it. The thing I had to think of was gittin' my sheep off to dry land quick as I could, an' the only way to do it was to keep on round the levee, an' to do that I had to drive 'em through the break. It wasn't runnin' very deep yet, an' I wasn't expectin' much trouble. So, I called Jean an' we bunched the sheep on the edge of the break, an' tried to drive 'em through. But do you think them fool sheep would go? No, sir! They acted 'sif they's afraid o' gittin' their feet wet. They stampeded, every one o' them. Before I could say 'Jack Robinson' they was off in fifty directions all over the levee. We had it all to do over again, an' it was worse this time on account o' the sheep gittin' scared an' nervous. But Jean, she just worked fine as silk. She barked 'em up, an' circled round 'em, 'thout hardly a motion from me. We got 'em all together again, an' quieted down, an' I says to Jean, 'Go easy, girl. We got 'em this time.' We didn't hurry 'em a bit, an' the first ones stepped out into the water. I says to Jean, 'It's all right now, girl,' an' I'll be blamed if the words was out o' my mouth, before one o' them sheep let out a 'Baa-aa' that was enough to scare anything. Every single sheep turned back, an' some of 'em went half a mile down the levee 'fore they stopped. Five times we gathered them sheep up, an' every time it was the same way. I got pretty well tuckered out, an' Jean, she was lyin' down on the alfalfa, her red tongue hangin' out, an' pantin'. Well, I didn't know what to do. Didn't seem any use to try that again, yet what could I do? If I'd just had a goat—"

"Why, what did you want of a goat?" I asked.

"Keep still, Bett," Arch said. "I'll tell you by'n by."

Arch had been just sitting with his elbows on his knees staring right at the sheep-herder as if it was the most interesting story he ever heard. He told me about the goat on the way home that afternoon, but I'm going to tell it now. Goats have more sense than sheep. So if you want the sheep to do something and you have a goat, you make the goat do it first, and the sheep—they're regular copy-cats—will follow right along. If the sheep-herder had had a goat, he could have made it wade right through the water, and then the sheep would have, too.

"Well," the sheep-herder went on, "there we was, the water gittin' deeper all the time, the sun gittin' lower every minit, no one in sight to help us, an' I feelin' that I was goin' to lose fifteen hundred sheep. I set down on the levee, put my head in my hands, an' tried to think o' somethin' to do, but I couldn't. I was clean beat. Pretty soon I heard Jean. She was way down the levee, barkin' the sheep together again. I was took aback, because I hadn't told her to do a thing, an' she's pretty good on the mind. 'Well, let her go,' I says to myself. 'She can't make things any worse 'n they are.' She kept right on, gatherin' the sheep together, an' drivin' 'em along until she had 'em in the same old place again. 'Now,' I said, 'I'll just keep still, an' see what she's up to.' She kept lookin' at me, too, all the time, much as to say, 'Any objections?' But I didn't say a word. I let her have her way. She got 'em all bunched pretty close, then she did somethin' that kind o' took away my breath. She walked right in 'mong them sheep. That's the worst thing in the world for a dog to do. Nothing frightens the sheep and scatters them quicker. Jean knew it too, an' she kept lookin' back at me 'sif she was expectin' me to say somethin'. But I tell you they was somethin' in that dog's look made me think she knew what she was about. So I just nodded for her to go ahead. She kept on, pussy-footin' her way 'mong 'em, so easy an' quiet they didn't seem to know she was there. When she got up to the first o' the band, before I could bat an eye, she jumped on its back, an' pushed it ahead o' her, walkin' with her hind feet, until she had it through the water, an' out on dry land on the other side. She come right back an' got another in the same way, an' then I see what she was up to.

"'You're a pretty fool,' I says to myself. 'Why couldn't you 'a' done the same thing? If you'd just carried half a dozen over, the rest would 'a' followed. You've let a dog out-think you.'

"Jean, she kep' on, until she'd got five or six over, then I called her back with me, an' we drove all the rest through without much trouble. What d'you think o' that, now, for a dog? 'Every one o' them fifteen hundred sheep saved!'

The sheep-herder leaned over and patted Jean, and she wagged her tail hard, just as if she understood. But Arch threw his cap up in the air, and yelled and shouted:

"Good for you, Jean. Good dog! Good dog! You bet your life, she's the best dog ever." Then he rubbed her and patted her, and I did, too, and Jean wagged her tail at everybody. Then Arch said, "Gee! Bett, I wish we could do something for her. Let's give her our lunch." So we gave her all the chicken Auntie had put up for us, and the pie too, only she didn't like that.

When we got near home we saw Auntie sit-

ting on the porch, and Arch flung up his cap and shouted, "'Rah for Jean! 'Rah for Jean!'" As soon as I got up to her chair, Auntie put her arms around me and said, "I want the little girl to tell me, now, how she feels about giving up her pet."

"Oh, Auntie," I said. "I'm glad—glad—glad, I did it."

### The Harvest Moon.

OVER fields that are ripe with the sweetness

That hides in the full-tasseled corn,  
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness,  
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,  
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,  
O moon of the year in her prime!  
Beam soft, mother-hearted, and tender,  
Earth hath not a holier time!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



### Bringing Autumn In.

GRANDMA'S paring apples,  
Sign that's full of cheer;  
Summer's nearly over,  
Autumn's nearly here.  
Cozy evenings coming,  
Mornings brisk and cool;  
Long vacation ended,  
Busy times at school.

Grandma's paring apples,  
Some of them she dries,  
Some make sauce and puddings,  
Some make spicy pies.  
Pantry smells delicious,  
Nicest time o' year;  
Children with their baskets  
Roam the orchard-side.

Grandma's paring apples,  
Nicest time o' year;  
Firelight and lamplight  
Fill the house with cheer.  
Odors sweet in cellar,  
Rosy fruit in bin;  
Grandma's paring apples,  
Brings the autumn in!

ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH,  
In St. Nicholas.



## For the Quiet Hour.

### WORK AND PRAYER.

COMPILED BY REV. ROBERT F. LEAVENS.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees  
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,  
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray  
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!  
*And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!*

KIPLING.

"They will maintain the fabric of the world;  
And in the handywork of their craft is their prayer."

*Ecclesiasticus.*

### Prayer.

OH THOU Supreme Master and Unfailing Helper, who givest us our tasks, and our strength, we thank thee for work to do, the work which saves us from sloth and selfishness and makes the world better. For those whose hands are empty our prayer is that they may find work. We would have thee help us keep our eyes open to the things most needful and best to do, and our wills firm to persevere in all that we undertake. With thee to aid us we would do our best, that we may deserve thy "Well done." And when night comes we look to thee, trusting that thou wilt establish the work of our hands. Amen.

## Shadows on the Wall.

BY HAYES ROBBINS.

RIDING on my shoulder  
In the lamplight glow,  
When my babe is older,  
Wond'ring eyes will know  
Why those looming shadows  
Float upon the wall,  
Little head so big and black,  
Father grown so tall.

Tiny hands outreaching,  
Knowing no alarm,  
Pat the shadow baby  
On the giant's arm;  
Land of Nod is waiting,  
Lights are burning low,  
Out the window phantoms fly  
Where the night winds blow.

Riding on my shoulder  
In the lamplight glow,  
When we both are older,  
Wiser eyes will know  
Why Life's darkest shadows,  
Bearing grief and harm,  
Need not fright my babe, upborne  
On a Mightier arm.

Yet this one thing I learn to know,  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid,  
By some great law unseen and still,  
"Not as I will."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



## A Herald of Liberty.

The Story of Francis David, Founder of a Group of Liberal Churches in Hungary.

YOU would not think of this picture as representing a battlefield, would you? Perhaps you think much about war these days, hearing as you do of the great conflict now going on in Europe. The country named in the title you know as part of the kingdom of Austria-Hungary, where the present war began. Battles were fought there centuries ago; and other conflicts went on, in which people used brains instead of guns, words instead of bullets.

Our picture shows a battlefield of that sort. Francis David, with his face alight and his arm raised, is fighting with the sword of the spirit. He is demanding just what our pilgrim fathers came to this land to secure, freedom to worship God in their own way. David wanted that for himself and the churches he had founded and for all the people in Hungary.

He had been brought up a Roman Catholic; but he became a Protestant, and in time founded in his mountains the group of churches which were afterward called Unitarian. David was a very eloquent preacher, and a good many people accepted his teachings. But he was greatly opposed. A war of texts began, a battle of opinions. It might have gone hard with David but for the fact that the liberal-minded prince of Transylvania, John Sigismund, favored him and made him court preacher. You may see the prince at the left of the picture sitting on the raised platform. On each side of him sit his young nephews who will, in turn, come to the throne after his death. One of them, that gentle-faced boy right in front, is the one who afterward sent the great preacher to prison for the same opinions he is hearing as he sits there with his hands on his knees listening, thinking.

Do you see the people on the right who are listening so intently? One man, right in front, has sprung up and raised his own hand, in his interest and excitement. For David is very eloquent, and is winning on this battlefield. His speech convinces the listeners. They are the law-makers, and

their assembly is called the Diet. They passed a law called an edict, which said that preachers might speak what they believed to be true, and no one should be persecuted on account of his religion. That is what David had been fighting for—freedom and tolerance.

It was a wonderful law for that time. Perhaps that is the reason it could not last very long. People were not really ready for it. A few years later that boy in the picture came to the throne. He forgot, or did not care to remember, the Edict of Toleration. Francis David preached some doctrines which even those who once followed him thought could not be true. He was tried for heresy, condemned, and sentenced by the boy prince, now grown man, to prison for the rest of his life.

He was kept in a dungeon in the castle of Deva, where in less than five months he died, a martyr for his faith. The tolerance for which he pleaded had not yet come into men's hearts.

It seems strange, does it not, that men had to die to secure the privilege we now enjoy, when Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Christian, Baptist and Unitarian, may build their churches, hold services of worship, and preach their doctrines as they will? The law protects them all. This is true now in Francis David's land, Hungary; as in our own. Because he tried to secure such good laws, and died a martyr for truth, people of all faiths honor him. In 1910 a tablet and stone to his memory were erected at the now ruined castle of Deva where he died. Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, Unitarians from Hungary and America, all took part in the dedication. They all live and worship side by side, in peace, because David preached and pleaded, suffered and died for that principle of tolerance.

When we read his story, we realize the truth of the lines of the poet Lowell, that

"Thoughts which great hearts once broke for, we  
Breathe cheaply in the common air."



## The Boy who Forgot.

BY EMILY HENDERSON.

NO other pupil in Miss Ray's composition class could write such interesting compositions as did Hoyt Allison. The class always listened attentively when he was called upon to read. And Hoyt enjoyed the writing as much as they did the reading. Between composition days he was always practicing. When he saw a picture in a book or paper, he studied it until he could find a story in it.

After a while, he formed the habit of pinning pictures on the wall of his room over the table where he wrote and studied. He had made up his mind to be a writer, as his father had been,—an ambition which his mother encouraged. He was never happier than when seated before his table, absorbed in the study of one of these pictures, or in some piece of writing. Too often, when he finished this work, he found that his mother or sister had done the work outside that was supposed to be his.

"Mother," exclaimed his sister Madge, one evening, "what did you milk that cow for? We're just spoiling Hoyt by doing his work for him; but if any one must do it, I shall."

Madge spoke with the air of one accustomed to be obeyed. When she was a very little girl, her father had given her the name of Major on account of her quality of leadership; and she had lived up to her title, as far as her mother and brother were concerned.

Her mother began to excuse herself. "It didn't hurt me in the least," she explained, "and I don't want either of you to do work at home that will interfere with your school work."

"There's time for both," answered Madge, decidedly, then added with a note of sarcasm, "It's fortunate for this family that there's only one genius in it."

And just then Hoyt entered the room with a very sheepish look on his face. "I'm dreadfully sorry, Mother," he began contritely, "but I was busy, and forgot all about the milking."

"That's what you said the last time," reminded Madge, with cutting emphasis.

"Well, Major, you needn't be so cross. You don't think I'd say I forgot unless I really did, do you?"

"Of course not," admitted Madge, "but I wish your lessons weren't quite so absorbing. Anyway, Mother isn't going to do your work again. Next time, I'll do it."

Hoyt resolved that there wouldn't be any next time. Nevertheless, there was one, not a week later. This time the trouble was caused by his forgetting the berries he had promised to pick for supper.

When his mother brought them in from the garden, Madge's face, with its little tip-tilted nose, firm chin, and steady eyes, took on a look of determination. "We've got to cure that boy some way," she declared to her mother. "He isn't a bit lazy, and of course we're proud of him, but we can't have him living up in the clouds all the time."

A few evenings later, Hoyt entered his room on his return from school, threw down his books, and looked up to see some new pictures above his table. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "Mother or Major has been in here, adding to my collection." And he began examining the decorations.

Immediately in front of him was a picture of a boy at a table, pen in hand, and an

absorbed look in his eyes. "I suppose that's meant for me," he commented smilingly. "I wish I were half as good-looking." His eye traveled to the next picture. It had been cut from a magazine, and represented a woman milking,—a large, work-worn woman, more like one of Millet's peasants than gentle little Mrs. Allison; but Hoyt read at a glance the story it was meant to tell. There was still another,—a picture of a girl running a lawn-mower. "I'll bet it hurt her to use as ugly a picture as that," he chuckled, with a thought of his pretty sister. "I could draw a better one of her with my eyes shut." Then his face flushed as he looked back at the woman milking. "Major's mighty clever," he commented, "but I'll never let her know that I understood her hint. I'll write a story about the woman milking a pet cow as though she enjoyed doing so, and,"—he hesitated a moment,—"I'll forget again, purposely, and defeat her plan."

He picked up his pen and began to write, rather haltingly, for the words were slower to come than usual. When he looked at the picture, he could see only a tired, overburdened woman. He turned away from it; still the ideas would not come. Each time he tried to write, the thought of his neglected work obtruded itself. "What's a fellow to do?" he complained. "I can't write with part of my mind here, while the rest of it is busy with something out of doors." Pretty soon he pushed back his chair. "Hard jobs first!" he declared, as he strode out of the room.

Back in his room a half-hour later, he picked up his pen, with the words, "Now you are to tell the truth about these pictures." And the story the pen told concerned a boy who became so absorbed in congenial tasks that he left uncongenial ones to others, until he was cured of his fault by his sister. It was a story, too, with illustrations, which Hoyt laughingly pinned up on the wall.

Madge found the pictures the next morning, and called her mother to come and enjoy them with her. The picture of the boy with the pen was still over the table, and above it Hoyt had written in large letters, "THE BOY WHO FORGOT," and in one corner had drawn another of a girl with a tip-tilted nose, and a major's epaulettes on her shoulders, with the title, "The Memory-jogger." But beside this picture was another that indicated that the memory-jogger had been effective. It showed a boy with milk-pail and milking-stool on his arm, a basket of berries in the other hand, and a lawn-mower fastened to him, beneath which was written, "THE BOY WHO IS GOING TO REMEMBER."

## Sunday-school News.

A FINE exhibit of the work done in some of our Sunday schools was made at the Meadville Institute. Our school at Buffalo and St. Johns in Cincinnati sent a good display of note-books and primary work. Materials to show methods of teaching or keeping records were furnished by Dunkirk, N. Y., Dayton, Ohio, and Portland, Me. A special exhibit of Primary Department methods and materials was furnished by our school at Leominster, Mass., and an admirable group of examination papers, color work, note-books, and teaching methods made in a completely graded school came from our Unitarian Sunday school in Concord, N.H.

The Sunday school in Meadville, Pa., continued its sessions, even with reduced

numbers, all through the summer. The first Sunday of its summer term came during the Institute; and at the invitation of the minister and teachers of the school it was presided over for the day by two members of the Institute faculty, Dr. Starbuck teaching the upper school and Miss Buck the primary department. Mrs. Lupton of Pittsburgh gave a story-recitation on Immortality to the older section. Miss Buck was assisted by Miss Lotze of Cincinnati and Miss Smith of Pittsburgh, kindergartners, and Miss Geiger of Cincinnati, who made the drawings for the children's color work. Nearly all the sixty Institute members were in attendance, both at the Sunday-school session and the church service which followed.

From Orlando, Fla., comes the report that the children were anxious to have their school kept open during the summer after the church service closed. Instead of a "tree planting," the school set out ornamental plants on the church grounds, which would grow and be in their prime when the minister, Rev. Eleanor Gordon, returns the first of October.

*He's true to God who's true to man.*

J. R. LOWELL.

## Books Helpful to Child Life.

HENRY S. CURTIS, well known for his connection with the Playground Association of America and as a lecturer on recreation and other social topics, is author of a book entitled *Play and Recreation in the Open Country* which has recently issued from the press of Ginn & Co.

The book is designed, as its introduction points out, to help restore the spirit of interest, adventure, and sociability which were conditions of country life in pioneer days. Formerly, life itself in our new land was an engrossing game. Imperceptibly, as conditions changed, it has grown dull and tame. Work on the farm no longer gives opportunity to the play spirit. Its dangers and its romance, its wild forest life and possibilities of exploration are largely gone. Efforts to be prosperous have forced the farmer and his wife to toil too long hours and to work their sons and daughters much too long. They must learn that life and love and happiness, not wealth, are the objects of living.

The author shows how methods of play may be introduced into the life of the country or the small village. Play in the home and home grounds, equipment of country school grounds for organized sport, country play festivals, pageants and social opportunities, are fully presented. Ample chapters are devoted to recreation for the country girl and the farmer's wife. The social center is the theme of Section IV., which deals in a practical way with this cure for rural isolation. The suggestions made have been tried at many normal schools and rural teachers' institutes.

Readers of our paper who live in the country or the village could not fail to find home, school, and community life enriched and enlarged by adopting some of the forms of recreation described in this suggestive volume.

*Play and Recreation for the Open Country.* By Henry S. Curtis. Cloth, illustrated. Price, \$1.16. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Bound copies of Vol. IV. of *The Beacon* are now ready, in pleasing red covers. It makes an attractive gift-book, costing seventy-five cents.



## PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS

## The Old Tin Sheep.

"Creak!" said the old tin sheep on wheels:

"I'm growing old, and down my back

I'm very sure there's a dreadful crack,

There's nobody knows," said the old tin sheep, "till he's old how an old toy feels.

"I used to trundle about the floor, But that was when I was young and new:

It's something now that I could not do.

No: I shall quietly rest myself on this shelf behind the door."

"Creak!" said the sheep. "What's gone amiss?

Some one is taking me out, I know.

They're pulling my string, and away I go.

Stop! oh, stop!" cried the old tin sheep: "I never can go like this!"

But Tommy pulled the sheep around.

About the nursery it went so fast The floor beneath seemed flying

past,

While creakety-creakety-creak! the wheels went round with a doleful sound.

Then Tommy left it there on its side: The wheels moved slowly, and

stopped with a creak,

And the wax doll heard it faintly speak.

There's nobody knows what he can do," said the sheep, "till he has tried."

KATHARINE PYLE,  
in *St. Nicholas*.

## The Half-hour Glass.

BY MARY E. JACKSON.

"DO I have to practise a whole half-hour, Mother?" asked Ruth. "A half-hour is such a long time!"

Mrs. Grey raised her eyes from her sewing, and looked thoughtfully into her little daughter's clouded face.

"When I was a young girl," she said, "I went to a boarding-school where there were several girls of my own age. We all took music lessons, and none of us liked to practise. I remember well the disputes we used

to have over our practise periods, for there was no clock in the music-room, and we were all obliged to use the same piano. Finally, Madame Stahl, our music teacher, settled the question by buying a little half-hour glass for our use. After that there was no trouble. We grew quite fond of the little glass, and, when I left school, Madame Stahl gave it to me. I have it yet."

"Oh, may I see it? May I use it?" cried Ruth.

"I will get it now," said Mrs. Grey, smiling, and she rose and left the room.

In a few minutes she returned with the half-hour glass in her hand. It was a dainty little affair, about three inches high. The two bulbs were of thinnest glass, the lower one was nearly full of golden sand. The wood-work of the frame which held the glass was quaintly carved, and the box which had contained it was covered with queer, foreign-looking labels.

"May I take it, Mother?" coaxed Ruth. "I want to begin to practise with it this very minute."

Mrs. Grey put the glass into Ruth's hand without a word, and she skipped

away with it into the front room where the piano stood.

There was a long silence. Mrs. Grey smiled wisely as she worked. She remembered well how fascinating it had been at first to watch the golden grains of sand as they poured steadily from the upper bulb into the lower one.

Finally, the practising began, and continued with few pauses until the half-hour had passed.

"Oh, Mother," cried Ruth, when, at the end of her practise period, she appeared in the doorway, "I love the little half-hour glass. What do you think it seems to say to me? 'Be busy! Be steady! Do not waste a minute. See how fast they fly!' I had to practise hard to keep up with that little glass, and it made the half-hour seem so short! May I use the little glass every day, Mother?"

"Certainly you may," said Mrs. Grey.

And so after that the little half-hour glass occupied a place of honor upon the piano, and every day, when Ruth came to practise, she came smiling instead of frowning.



ISN'T HE A BEAUTY?



## THE BEACON

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY  
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from  
104 E. 20th St., New York  
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago  
376 Sutter St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

## From the Editor to You.

When this first number of Vol. V. of *The Beacon* greets our readers, we are well into the autumn, which Keats called the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." The days are shorter than in summer. The sunshine is not so bright. Vacation is past. We are all back in our places and hard at work.

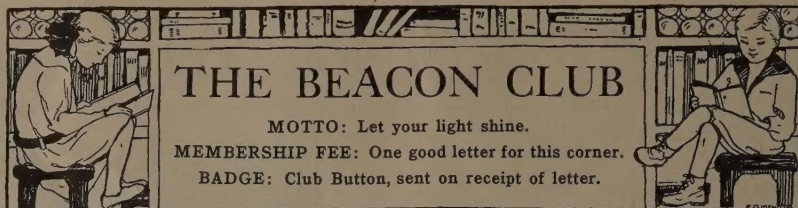
Out of the long days of summer sunshine the fruits of earth have ripened. The cheeks of the peaches and apples have stored up its warmth and glow. The grapes that hang purpling on the vines owe to it their sweetness. The flowers that fringe the roadways with gold and purple drew their colors from its beams.

What have you brought out of the summer? Something more, surely, than just your old self. Have you caught some of its treasure? Have you stored up its sunshine in your hearts?

Whether you knew it or not, you too have been ripening. All the sunshine of God's love and care has been about you in the love of your family and friends. What you have chosen to do in the hours when you might choose, has helped to make you what you are. Each boy or girl wants to be just the right sort of a boy or girl for the years his life has reached. Whether one is so depends not so much on the amount of sunshine that has been about his life, but the amount of it he has stored up in his own heart. Have you ripened some of the fruits of the spirit since the last *Beacon* reached you? Jesus made that, you remember, one test of our lives: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

This paper comes to you with **Changes.** most of its familiar features. Yet there are some changes. The reading and prayer which will appear in the first issue for each month is given a distinctive setting and bears the title "For the Quiet Hour." The *Beacon* Club has a new and attractive design for its heading.

There is one other change which may need explanation to our older readers. The notice at the top of this column states that our paper is issued from *The Beacon Press*. This does not mean a change of publishers. It is a shorter business title which is now to be used for all the publications of our Association, including this paper. The new name carries no denominational meaning. It is possible that this fact may extend the circulation of *The Beacon* among those who like its message, but do not care to use a denominational name. Under its new imprint we trust that *The Beacon* may keep all its old friends and readers and win new ones.



## THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

**G**REETINGS from the Editor to all members of the Club. We are beginning our third year, and we are all more anxious than ever, are we not, to be helpful to each other and to everybody.

Our members are nearly all members of Sunday schools, either as pupils, teachers, or officers. When the letters received tell of something you are doing for the church, for the school, or in ways of kindness, they help the other members to do similar things. Whenever a lesson or book or hymn helps you, tell us about it. Write about anything that really interests you, and your letter will interest other people.

Our first letter is a personal one to the Editor which she is glad to share with our readers.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,  
103 25th Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I hope you remember your little friends in Palo Alto, Mary Isabel and Hermine Wocker. We are glad to know where you are so that we can write to you. We are living in San Francisco now and go to the First Unitarian Church. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I am very much interested in the Recreation Corner, especially the enigmas. When I get home sometimes grandpa helps me work them out. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club, but I do not know how to start. Would you please tell me how?

Your little friend,

MARY ISABEL WOCKER.

Mary Isabel, and Hermine are now members of our Club. We shall be very glad to hear from them again.

Our next letter tells of a party which was enjoyed some time ago; but our readers will remember that all letters published in this number were received in the spring, too late to appear before the close of Vol. IV.

LYNN, MASS.,  
80 Eastern Avenue.

My dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school on the corner of Baltimore and Atlantic Streets in Lynn.

We are going to have a May party on the 23d of May. There is going to be a play and then a May-pole dance in which I take part. Then we go down stairs and have ice cream and cake.

Yours truly,

HOWARD HUMPHREY.  
(Age 8.)

Howard is number nine from the Lynn Sunday school to join our Club. Can any other school report a larger number of Beacon Club members?

Next week our Club will have a fine treat. Our *very youngest* member, only 5 years old, who lives in Dundee, Scotland, has a message for us all. The letter is written with her own hand. Watch for it!

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA I.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 9, is a grain.

My 14, 10, 16, is not to stand.

My 16, 2, 5, is a part of the foot.

My 15, 6, 7, is not well.

My 4, 2, 2, 9, is the middle of the day.

My 6, 12, 16, 16, 5, 13, is something that comes by mail.

My 8, 4, 1, 6, 12, is a relation.

My 5, 17, 12, is a part of the head.

My 11, 10, 4, 12, is something that climbs.

My *whole* is a place of learning.

C. B.

## ENIGMA II.

(For Boys.)

I am composed of 7 letters.

My 7, 5, 6, 3, is the home of a wild dog, or wolf.

My 1, 2, 3, describes what he is.

My 5, 3, 4, describes his sly ways.

My 1, 2, 3, 7, is the shape of his tail.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, describes his customary manner.

My 4, 3, 5, 6, 7, is where he generally seeks his prey.

My 7, 5, 3, 6, 5, 4, is sometimes used to catch him.

My 4, 3, 6, 5, 7, is what he is to the shepherd.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, is his final end.

My *whole* may be used to shorten his life or this story.

C. P.

## BEHEADINGS.

Drop *b* from the following:

1. From a large animal, and get a part of the body.

2. From a receptacle, and find a domestic animal.

3. From a word meaning to boast, and find a piece of cloth.

4. From a toy, and find the whole of anything.

5. From a word meaning to plait, and find an attack.

6. From a mass of wood or stone, and find a ringlet of the hair.

7. From desolate, and find a crack through which liquid may escape.

8. From a turn in the road, and find the finish.

RUTH W. MORTON.

## HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. The spirit of a Hampden marked his speech.

2. Can a day ever be recalled.

3. Our dog, Muff, ran certainly ten miles.

4. The papers, I am sure, are here.

5. He caught both the bear and the cub at last.

6. In this car men, I am told, cannot smoke.

7. Sebastopol and Constantinople are large cities.

8. You must sail into the port or I could not land.

9. What strategy Ptolemy of old used.

10. I love to help an amateur.

E. A. C.

## A CHARADE.

My *one* a beast both slick and sly,  
Two, *three*, show forth a mountain high.  
While all together, *one, two, three*,  
A fierce wild animal will be.

Exchange.